

ROLLERDERBY

Issue No. 8

Dog Days '92

Two Dollars

bank job



From left, Barrington police officer Scott Young holds onto Alexander S. Prescott, 18, of Dover as state trooper Roger Allard uncuffs Forrest W. Brock, 19, of Milton at Dover District Court this morning where the two suspects were arraigned on charges in connection with the robbery of Southeast Bank for Savings in Barrington on Oct. 10.

(Staff photo — Mike Ross)

YOUNG GOOD-LOOKING BANK ROBBERS

FORREST & ALEX

by Matt Jasper

Sixteen-year-old Alexander Prescott crashed his mother's 1986 Dodge Caravan into the Dover State Liquor Store at 1:45 A.M. on Tuesday, March 14th, 1989.

ALEX: Three days before I wrecked the liquor store I was skipping school and riding the bus when Lisa Suckdog introduced herself to me.

ROLLERDERBY: Do you think a desire to rid your mind of Lisa drove you to attempt suicide--

ALEX: It's possible.

ROLLERDERBY: --by driving your car through the window of the state liquor store?

ALEX: It wasn't the window. It was the wall.

ROLLERDERBY: That's even more ambitious.

ALEX: I destroyed seventy per cent of the stock as well as the wall and I didn't even get charged with anything.

ROLLERDERBY: Due to insanity?

ALEX: I spent two years in a psychiatric hospital after that.

See, I knew I was going to kill myself one way or another but I wasn't sure of how I was going to do it. I was thinking I could drive off the General Sullivan bridge but then I thought the car wouldn't make it over the guardrails so I decided I wanted to hit the wall and got up to about eighty miles per hour before doing

so. The doctors said I was the luckiest person. My skull was fractured from the top of my right ear to right above my left eye. I also broke my arm and got some scars on my hand when it went through the windshield.

I knew that I was God. I was going to recreate my mortal life by killing this one and I had a big plan. It was all set up. I was going to come back and have this underground mansion outside of Dover and I was going to drive an expensive car and say that I was my long lost twin brother from a different marriage.

That Alex--an A student who had his underground newspaper written up in the Boston Globe--had gone on to become a God who destroys liquor stores was certainly an impressive enough accomplishment for a 16 year old. But young Alex did not rest on his laurels. He spent the next two years at eight different facilities for disturbed adolescents, got hooked on Trilifon, Atavan, and Thorazine, then robbed a bank with his friend Forrest.

Forrest Brock, nineteen, claims to be an amphibian god from the upper left side of Heaven. He occasionally signs his letters with "big wet salmon kisses with long iguana tongues." He even looks like a frog--though a very sly and attractive frog with an aura of deadly power. Even though she didn't know of Forrest's amphibian fetish, when Lisa first saw him (as he was being sentenced in the Strafford County Superior Court), she whispered, "He looks like a frog."

This is from one of Forrest's letters to Melissa and me: "My father dropped dead in front of me when I was fourteen. We didn't get along at all, mainly because he was convinced I was stupid--as in actually beyond the reach of possible eventual intelligence. In retrospect, I suppose that that is exactly how I appeared at the time. My "brains" didn't bloom until

fertilized by the traumatic effects of my father's death upon my mother. My mother was in the bathroom with me when my father dropped on the tile floor doing the "fish out of water" convulsions that are synonymous with heavy duty heart attacks. Seeing my mom's hysterics set something off in my brain--dropped some big musty curtain from my psyche. My behavior that night was rather odious--in mid-flops I nearly walked away and laid down to sleep, and waited for the light of morning to categorize everything for me, so that I wouldn't have to deal with organizing anything for myself. I knew everything there was to know in the Universe that night, but alas, when I awoke in the light of day, most of that knowledge had gone back to wherever it had come from, leaving me empty again. Only now, I knew that I was empty....

It made me feel rather negative toward my father. Even more so than previously. I realized just how out of place my mother was here. The war had a lot to do with it and all, but it was him that was directly responsible for her being so displaced. She had so much potential. (My mom is Vietnamese.) She was younger than I am now when she married my father and came over here to the States. She was sooo beautiful--she had a very good modeling career in Saigon before the shit hit the fan. But then she went to a country with a man she must have hardly known (how could someone be themselves in a situation like that?) to a country whose prejudice was at the moment focused on her country, on her people--herself. Wouldn't that cause a person to withdraw and become subservient? She was cheated. Always playing second card to my father. He was what cemented her "her" and then he up and died. What a jerk. I remember my mom being so lost. Nobody to help her. But she made it, and I made it because of her, lifted from my oppression at last and fed by her new desire to live. Really live--not just exist. My mom is the first of my two best friends. Jenny [Forrest's girlfriend] is the other. I made a promise to

When car rams through brick wall



Lands inside Central Avenue liquor store

By PATRICIA O'CONNOR
Democrat Staff Writer

DOVER — A

Dover crash was suicide attempt

Dover liquor store accident victim's condition improves

In the press release issued Friday, Chief Reynolds said the department has also offered Prescott and his family any assistance they may be capable of providing.

Prescott received a fractured skull in the accident and while he was initially admitted to Wentworth-Douglass Hospital in critical condition, his condition Friday night had been upgraded to stable.

Suspects flee after bank job

Police scour woods behind

robbery at bank for 2 men

Crawford

Two

never let her down--but yet, here I am. A disappointment again. My mom said she couldn't believe I did this, mostly because she thought I was a bit of a coward. This opened both of our eyes to each other--who we really were...."

For Forrest, really living has included, so far, starring in porn movies in San Francisco, hitchhiking to Central America with \$35 and 200 hits of mescaline, copulating on the sacrificial stone of a Mayan temple [This is true.-ed.], working at a government warehouse where human bodies and body parts are stored, taking a few courses at the University of New Hampshire, and robbing a bank.

ROLLERDERBY: Why did you rob a bank?

FORREST: I knew I could get away with it.

And he did, for a while.

On October 11th, 1991, Forrest and Alex put stockings over their heads and followed a female employee of the Southeast Savings Bank in Barrington, New Hampshire as she went in to open up for the day. Forrest pointed his 9-millimeter handgun at her head and politely held the door open for her. She helped Alex gather sixteen thousand dollars and then the duo ran out of Southeast Savings.

For some reason, they were pursued by a chef with a butcher knife who yelled, "Stop or I'll shoot."

Forrest and Alex briefly froze and turned around but, seeing that he was only carrying a knife, ran into the woods. They hopped into Forrest's car (parked on the other side of the woods) and drove away as policemen showed up at the bank and unleashed their tracking dogs. "It was easy," says Forrest.

Alex bought a silk suit and got a room at The Holiday Inn for a few days. While he was out getting his hair dyed, a chambermaid noticed some burnt matches on the floor and thought Alex might have vandalized the room. She summoned the head chambermaid and they found a hypodermic needle or two. So, in hopes of getting reward money, they called Crimeline and invited the Portsmouth police to come over. Marijuana, heroin, cocaine, and LSD were found. Two of the bills found in the hotel room matched the serial number of the "bait" money taken at the bank. Seven search warrants "were executed at several residences throughout Strafford County." A pregnant woman was forced to lie on her

stomach. Police tore Forrest's girlfriend's room apart and tried to get her to confess to a crime she knew nothing about. Forrest and Alex were arrested on Sunday the 18th. They were considered a danger to the community, so bail was set at \$100,000 for each--which they could not pay. To avoid the maximum 7½ to 15 year sentence for a Class A felony, both entered plea bargains which should have them out in three or four years. Maybe sooner.

Alex was sentenced (three to ten years) and shipped to Concord State Prison a few weeks ago. He grew his thumbnails and sharpened them for use as a weapon but he hasn't had to kill anyone yet. His fellow prisoners call him "Little Dillinger".

Alex would like everyone to know that his stepfather beat the world backgammon champion in a match at the Cavendish Club in Boston.

Forrest was sentenced this morning (June 12th) to serve four to eight years. Forrest's girlfriend Jen is taking cooking lessons from Forrest's mother and studying to be a speech therapist. She and Forrest plan on being married.

Send fan mail to:

Forrest Brock and/or Alexander Prescott
c/o Concord State Prison
P.O. Box 14
Concord, NH 03301

**FOLLOW-UP
INTERVIEWS** →



Strafford County Sheriff's Department deputies Doug Scruton (left) and Howard Hemeon (to Scruton's right) lead Forrest W. Brock (third from left) and Alexander S. Prescott out of Dover District Court after their probable cause hearing Thursday in connection with the Oct. 10 armed robbery at Southeast Bank for Savings in Barrington.

(Democrat photo — Stowell)

"This is a total shocker. He got mixed up with this Forrest character and everything went downhill from there," said Ron Smith of his roommate Alexander S. Prescott.

Smith said it was a novelty for his roommate to have money because he was unemployed. He added that Prescott had "no income to speak of other than what he got from selling drugs" but noticed his sudden wealth last week.

"I just assumed — or he wanted us to believe — that he sold a lot of drugs and he was happy and celebrating," Smith said. "But I noticed that he had the same drugs before he started having money."

Smith described Prescott as being very well-liked by his peers but "that all came to a screeching halt after the drug arrest," Smith said.

He also said his roommate regularly used combinations of cocaine and heroin intravenously. "He used to say he wanted to go out on the ultimate speedball rush," Smith said.

The roommate added that Prescott did not like high school and dropped out probably because it was not challenging enough for him.



Alleged bank robber was 'well-liked, genius'

Barrington bank robbery case goes to higher court

Following the drug-related arrests, Prescott became depressed and slept most of the time, Smith said.

Even before the arrests, Smith said that Prescott did not have the will to live.

Smith only associated with Brock on a couple of occasions but praised his intelligence. "He had above average intelligence. Alex hung out with people with high IQs," he said.

Brock, a UNH student, was arrested on the UNH campus at 3 p.m., and Prescott was arrested at a convenience store on Route 108 in Dover at 9:50 p.m., police said.

Wiggin, who investigates crimes such as this daily, said if this was a first attempt at a bank robbery, it was "pretty slick."

ROLLERDERBY: What's it like being in state prison?

ALEX: Everything's going all right. I've managed to get myself palled up with a gang of old hard-core prisoners. Today I was just talking to a regular criminal and they said, "Get over here, act like a bankrobber. Don't talk to these criminals, talk to us." Then they proceeded to take from me the roll-your-own cigarettes the criminal had given me and stepped on them. Timmy opened up his Marlboro pack and says, "Take two."

My roommate is a psychotic Nazi. He laughs maniacally and farts constantly. I wouldn't have known he was a Nazi except for the one hundred fucking Nazi symbols emblazoned on his body. But he says, "I'm not really Nazi, I'm just Aryan." Just to give you a hint as to how intelligent my roommate is, he just peeked his head over his top bunk, looked at me, and says, "Shit-baaaaag."

This homosexual on my floor calls me 90210.

I haven't really thought about this before but I'm locked behind some pretty thick walls with 1800 other men. That's a pretty scary thought.

ROLLERDERBY: Looking forward to joining Alex in state prison soon, Forrest?

FORREST: I find that I'm really quite afraid of going to prison. It has nothing to do though with the incarceration itself, or the rape or the violence or any of the madness that I'm sure harbors there. It's the eventual getting out that frightens me. I'm afraid I'll be lost--out of date with the world--so far left behind that all the running in the world won't catch me up.

ROLLERDERBY: Any regrets?

FORREST: There's this cartoon I saw once. There's this construction worker who finds a box with a talking frog in it that always sings this particular song. It goes: Hello my baby, hello my honey, hello my ragtime doll, baby my head's on fire, blah blah blah. Well, this frog had on a tux and did a little dance. I wanted to do it [the robbery] like that. It would have been a nice change. But instead we did the old "Give me the fucking money now" bit. How boring. Oh well, next time. [sighs]

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WHITE TRASH, NEW HAMPSHIRE STYLE

by Lisa Cava, of Dova, N'ampsha

I took Ethan to my friend Debbie Flynn's to buy some pot. Debbie has lived in New Hampshire all her life.

She opens the door to us, lifts up her shirt, and scratches her protuberant belly. "I have PMS like a motherfucker." General Hospital is on the t.v., the phone is ringing, and Debbie's hair is yellow. "Debbie, Ethan. Ethan, Debbie," I say. Debbie picks up the phone and carries on conversations simultaneously with the caller and Ethan and me. Assuming Ethan is my new beau, Debbie tells him about my old boyfriends, asks about our sex life, and lets us know all about hers. The conversation with the caller seems more interesting--it's about mutual friends (female) passing out topless on a sidewalk and then just getting up a few hours later and attending a barbecue. I love those tales of fortitude.

We go for a drive. Ethan stops at a yellow light. "What'samattuh, ya ain't got no f'ck'n' BALLS?" Debbie's supposed to be in the back seat, but she's leaning forward so far her head and shoulders are parallel to Ethan's and mine. Her nails are digging into the vinyl seat, and spit's coming out of her mouth. Debbie doesn't like having her 90 mph body stuck in a 0 mph car. "Where'dja get yeh license from; a crackerjacks box? He's from 'Kain-tucky'. Get yeh ass out there! Look at that guy there--he's got BALLS!" She's not yelling; she's barking. Seriously--she does not sound human.

"What did you think of Debbie Flynn?" I ask Ethan as soon as she's gone.

"Man, I can't even believe that woman has a last name. I've seen a lot of White Trash in Kentucky, but her...."

You can always spot White Trash--even if they miraculously go on to acquire a Ph.D and move to Europe--by the unrefineable pasty complexion caused by a youth of non-stop Wonder bread and Chef Boyardee. Another sure-fire sign is alcoholism.

The New Hampshire alcoholic White Trash's condition is amazingly sturdy. The ones in New York always look on the point of death, and you always hear about them dying. We New Hampshire alcoholics, on the other hand, are robust with a frightening zest for life. We never die; we just have more babies.

Young New York/New Jersey White Trash these days are a more arrogant breed than their New Hampshire contemporaries. NY/NJ WT learn all this complicated kick boxing and a stock of verbal come-backs. Here in NH, fancy karate moves would probably make us pull a tendon--we just pound on each other. And for our repartee, "Fuck you, asshole!" never gets old.

Acne, dried-out hair, and t-shirts advertising cigarette brands are a favorite look for NH White Trash females of all ages. Obesity is also in vogue. The guys wear baseball caps and no shirts. About half of them are fat.

White Trash don't go to bed until the wee hours, and then our dirty little kids wake us up around 6 A.M., and we all spill out onto the front porch and driveway, and the mother tells the kids to "shut the fuck up, you fucking assholes." If one of the kids complains that his brother hit him, she'll say, "Well hit him back then!" The father jokes with the mother and the neighbors (who are always over) about blow jobs and stuff like that. The emptied beer cans fill up the back of the pick-up truck that the guys are always leaning over to fix so you can see their butt crack. There are always a few pick-ups, a car or two, and a motorcycle that these guys fiddle with, but nothing ever gets fixed or changed. Van Halen blares.

We live on welfare checks, low-scale drug dealing, and blue collar jobs. We're always yelling and laughing and breeding and throwing each other through windows. I like White Trash because all the guys whistle at me even when I'm wearing sweatpants and carrying laundry. Come to think of it, that's when they like me best.

GG Allin grew up in New Hampshire. The Shaggs were born here and, as far as I know, they never left. 35 of the 40 various members of Suckdog have been New Hampshire residents.

What makes White Trash so special, you might ask. Who doesn't like to drink, fight, and fuck sometimes? You'd be surprised, I bet, at how many people have actually quietly resigned themselves to quietness. And, while middle class middle America does have sex and argue and stuff, they generally (there are exceptions!) don't do so with the same gusto and unguilt of their trashy counterparts.

The reason for a White Trash person's unguilt could be that she or he has never heard of Freud. Even if she/he does later chance upon mention of the man (probably in the context of a dirty joke), it's too late--the guilt rolls off the trash-coated heart like rain off a WD-40'ed distributor cap.

I'm not total White Trash, even though I was a welfare kid and wore feather ear-clips (remember those?) and shit-kickers (Timberlain boots) and smoked a pack a day at age eleven (quit at age twelve), because my mother wouldn't let me use double negatives, and I appreciate experimental films now and stuff...still, nothing cracks me up like a good burp.



(Recently, Dr. Swinefat Pink of London, England, and Lisa Suckdog exchanged correspondence. Ms. Suckdog's letter revealed her to be fundamentally unsound. Dr. Pink's reply is as follows:)

You Utterly Useless Bitch:

I am dictating this epistle to one of my Sluts, because frankly I don't feel you're worth the effort of typing this out myself. You are a disappointment to me, and your letter--which is perfectly appalling--would not normally merit a reply. However, making this answer is a good training exercise for the slut, who is learning fast. She knew to arrive this evening wearing nothing beneath her coat, which she removed before kneeling before me to start going through the correspondence. She stumbled a few times reading out your letter, and I feared she was getting sloppy until I saw just how poor your efforts were. That, for starters, will not do: there is no excuse for such gross lack of discipline with the language, and from someone who presumes to Artistry (as you claim) it is altogether unforgivable. The Slut now ~~is~~ typing this is getting it letter-perfect despite the fact that I am pinching her nipples and fingering her cunt in an attempt to keep myself interested in this exercise.

In fact, your letter is such a mess I scarcely know where to begin. Your long silence and continued residence in New Hampshire are major infractions of the rules, indicating that you are suffering from a grave lack of appreciation and in serious need of the strictest chastisement. At one point, I had even considered bringing you over to Europe for use during my travels, but it is clear you do not even begin to deserve such privileges.

Have you not yet learned that if you presume to Artistry--indeed, presume to be a "Goddess"--you must utterly remake yourself? The grating cacography of your letter would shame a beast; such paltry prose is completely unworthy of you. I can only conclude that you are not yet fit even for use as a basic sperm-pit.

I suspect that Costes (who is generous to a fault) has spoiled you with too much of his cum, when you have not properly earned the right to sup on such ambrosia. I had originally thought to start your education by using you as a cum-rag, whereby you are blindfolded, staked out on the floor, and your naked body employed to soak up the hand-pumped ejaculate of a good half-dozen instructors, but I see now that is really too advanced for you. As I suspect that you lack even the basic skills of a dog, we'd better start with something even more basic. Naked and blindfolded you need to be placed belly-down on a cold linoleum floor on which a number of different wads have been squirted for you to lick up, squirming to and fro like a primordial reptile. Not until you can correctly identify which cum droplets are your Master's can you even begin to think about the mystery of love. Every cur knows that much--and you have everything to learn about such mammalian skills.

You need to have the crap you're wallowing in thrashed out of you before you can even begin to grasp the completion you can find in giving total service. Your little climaxes are trivial flutters compared to the deep fulfilment you can experience as a perfectly-tuned, well-oiled, multi-orificed cock-pump. If, that is, you are serious about realizing your potential.

And as ^{for} your plea for "inspiration" from me: that is not ~~your~~ how it works, it is your task to get me hard (something your letter distinctly failed to do). What I am giving you is a set of instructions, which you must carry out precisely:

1) You will write me a proper letter once a week, without fail,

↖ This isn't me. This is Kim Gillogly, who is sorely in need of some undies.

Dear Lisa,

You've mentioned the large quantities of underwear you have before in your writings and I've asked you for a pair (worn once preferred). And you said yours are all like your babies and you couldn't give any away.

However, I'm asking again cause I'm going to a massage therapist now and she has to roll down the cumbersome elastic waistband on my u-trow to get my full back to the top of my tailbone.

Anyhow, I'm thinking yours are more brief and fit better. What do you think?

Thanks,

Kim Gillogly

PO Box 1062

West Seneca, NY 14224-1062

and you must do it in this manner. On the same evening each week (the choice of day I leave to you), you must first thoroughly bathe, washing yourself as carefully as you know how and paying particular attention to your cunt. If you feel any arousal whilst scrubbing out your smatch, however, you must discount this and under no circumstances pursue these sensations to conclusion. After this thorough cleansing, you must perfume yourself, retire to your room, and disrobe. Light a candle, as electric lights are not permitted, and write about how you need to be used, what you have learned about servicing cock so far, and what you crave. From time-to-time, I will send you specific topics on which you must write. Your letter must be as well-written as you can make it (if you're to convince me you're not wasting my time), which means taking time, care, consideration--and redrafting. The final draft, which you will send me, must be at least three full pages. Sloppiness will not be tolerated. And, of course, your letter must get me hard. It must also include a suitable photograph. For the present, I only require photos to give me a general idea of the raw material I'm working with here; later I shall be more specific.

2) When you have completed a presentable draft, I am allowing you to loosen up a bit. Switch on the tape recorder, and begin by describing your body in great detail as you oil yourself. You must provide a fresh description each week, and again, it must get me hard. Read me the letter you are about to send, and then fuck yourself on tape, describing precisely what you are doing, how you are feeling, what you are dreaming, and how you would worship cock.

3) The letter is to be sent the next day without fail, and the tapes as you complete them. I am sending Costes other instructions for you.

Do not disappoint me again.

Dr. Swinefat Pink

Dig Lisa,

Do you stereotype all of the brothers when you use the word "nigger" in your vocabulary, or are you being served by some weak flavor on the side every now and then?

I strongly believe that I'm capable of altering that destructive pattern of thinking which distorts your speech in the wonderful music you make.

Check me out Love. I'll be released from the pen July 19th after 7½ years, and will be seeking the company of a wild young white girl such as yourself to break you from that caveman mentality.

I bet you're finer than cat-hair too. Send me a picture of yourself along with a line or two. Until then I'll be waiting and listening.

Your Admirer,
Gregory Smith, Ohio

ROYAL TRUX/SMOG TOUR SCHEDULE 1992 JULY

- 9 - The Uptown Bar, Minneapolis, MN
- 10 - The Unicorn, Milwaukee, WI
- 11 - Lounge Ax, Chicago, IL
- 12 - Another Place, Louisville, KY
- 13 -
- 14 - Club Soda, Kalamazoo, MI
- 15 - The Euclid Tavern, Cleveland, OH
- 16 - The Beehive, Pittsburgh, PA
- 17 - Nyubingi Ballroom, Morgantown, PA
- 18 - 14 Carat Cabaret, Baltimore, MD
- 19 - Providence, RI
- 20 - T.T. the Bear's, Boston, MA
- 21 - Connecticut
- 22 - The Knitting Factory, NYC
- 23 - Khyber Pass, Philadelphia, PA
- 24 - Coney Island, New York
- 25 - Maxwell's, Hoboken, NJ
- 26 - day off
- 27 - 930 Club, Washington DC
- 28 - Richmond or Chapel Hill
- 29 - Chapel Hill or Wilmington
- 30 -
- 31 - Knoxville, KY

AUGUST

- 1 - Chattanooga, TN



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FAMILY MAN LAWRENCE

WELK

DANCES THE GENDER PROBLEMS POLKA: MILLIONS CREEM.

by LCC

During practice, this trumpet player had to go to the bathroom, and he kept on waving his hand, but Lawrence Welk kept on ignoring him. Finally the trumpet player yelled, "Lawrence! Lawrence!" Lawrence snapped, "What?" The trumpet player said, "I have to go to the bathroom." Said Lawrence: "You've known about this rehearsal since last Friday!"

How did Lawrence Welk, a scrawny guy from a sod house in North Dakota, rise from such humble beginnings to making 25 million a year and enjoying such absolute tyranny over the bladders of tuba players?

Like most tyrants, Lawrence started out with no money or social connections. He was the sixth child of eight ("the smallest, skinniest, homeliest member") of a German immigrant family. (I was reluctant to share that last face with my readers: the Nazi connections are already too numerous. I won't bore you by stating the obvious ones, I'll just point out one of the more subtle similarities: the documentation. Like the Nazis took movies of their atrocities, Lawrence proudly released statements to the press regarding his profuse firings and the fact that he only paid scale to his performers, as well as never, ever giving a contract to any of them. But I'm German too, and I pay my writers more than I make, and send them maple sugar candy, so I guess the nationality is safe after all.)

At 21, Lawrence Welk learned English and took up the accordion. His first band was called "Lawrence Welk & His Hotsy Totsy Boys."

The way he snagged his wife was to arrange to have surgery he didn't need at the hospital where she worked. (She was charmed.) They were married at 5:30 A.M. Then they had doughnuts.

How do I know all this? Some of it from watching the Lawrence Welk Show reruns every Saturday night, some of it from his biographies and autobiographies. (Lawrence has written several books. In either This Is My America or Wunnerful, Wunnerful--I'm not sure which because some rascal stole it from the library--he calls his co-workers, family members, and brief encounters "beautiful" or "lovely" every other page, and then on every other page he complains furiously about child labor laws and how stupid they are. Weird. In Ah-One, Ah-Two!, he deals more with the subject of naps.) But most of it is common knowledge. People from all walks of life--my bomb-building, Celtics fan mother; my anorexic botanist childhood friend; my vegetable-steaming, Zen-reading bum of a roommate--they all have a Lawrence Welk story to tell, whether they like it or not.



"At Carson City [Fern and I] stopped for our yearly ritual purchase--one ice cream cone apiece."



Lawrence

Lawrence Welk had a vision, and with his indomitable will and hard work, he made that vision, that dream come true for everybody. And that vision was an orchestra of cherry and baby blue suited men wearing hairsprayed caps of hair, and the ones in cherry suits have to stand against baby blue walls and the ones in baby blue have to stand against cherry walls. Down below, ancients in wigs are, with their arms around each other, moving slowly, and bubbles float by. No, it's not Bunuel; it's not Fellini; it's The Lawrence Welk Show.

Lawrence's only visible purpose on his show (besides introducing the Spanish singer as "our beautiful Spanish singer" every single time) is to "conduct" this orchestra of accordian players, violinists, and triangers. Lawrence does this by walking around with a vacant but joyful expression on his face, conductor's baton drooping forgotten from his hand. (After his retirement at age 79, when Lawrence did the "wraparounds"--remarks to open and close the reruns--a golf club took the place of the conductor's baton: dangling irrelevantly from Lawrence's hand as he walked around and smiled with unfocused eyes into the camera.

That's how Lawrence met everyone--by chance at golf tournaments. God knows what all these chanteuses and trombone players were doing out playing golf, but there they were, and when they spotted Lawrence, they would just break into song or whip out a tape of themselves playing xylophone or whatever, and Lawrence

would hire them. Either that, or he met them in restaurants--there would the Welks be, quietly eating rump roast, when that man at the next table would spontaneously break into "My Country 'Tis of Thee" with spoon and fork on tabletop, and a new member of The Lawrence Welk Musical Family would be born. One aspiring artiste--a whistler--auditioned for Lawrence in a public bathroom.) [continued pg. 11]

The woman stands ten inches shorter, as a good, traditional values woman should.

Tom Netherton and Anacani, "the lovely little Mexican songstress I found in Escondido."



GRANDMA'S GONNA SPANK YOU if you don't finish your plate

I don't know if I dreamed that I went to a restaurant with that name or if it really exists.

If you went to that restaurant, would you leave one piece of potato on the plate, and slyly hang just an inch of one butt cheek over the side of the chair, or would you leave the WHOLE plate of food, and say to the waitress, "I'm ready. Take me to Grandma."?

Apparently, most Rollerderby subscribers fall into the latter category. For TWO ISSUES now I have told you that I need to know about your deflowering, and yet 98.5% of you have DENIED me this knowledge. Don't you understand that I have your name and address, and that I'm travelling all over the country this July?

If you can't play with the big dogs, get off the porch. If you can't eat what Grandma cooks, then prepare to suffer the consequences.

- Grammy Lisa



This is a photo of me and Vicky. To celebrate our 3 mo. anniversary we nicked a bottle of generic gin from her alkie mom & mixed it with a liter of flat Coke. It wasn't long before we were pretty darned hammered. Somehow the two of us made it to her bedroom. From the moment she started blowing me I noticed that the room & my entire aura was being sucked into the vortex of disarray. THE SPINS.

She took a moment to look up from my limp dick. "How does that feel?" she whispered.

My head was still twirling like Roger Daltry's mike.

"I gotta throw up."

I yacked up my dinner on her floor, corn and hamburger combined with the unmistakable stench of gin-puke. The last thing I remember was having her

drag me to the bathroom by my feet....

The strangest thing was when I examined my barf the next morning...the corn was still solid, but there was no mush on the insides. Empty shell corn yak.

Vicky didn't talk to me for five hours that morning.

--Tim Russell, Pomona, CA

I was a sophomore in high school and she was a freshman. It was five days after I had undergone an outpatient hernia operation. There was a six inch stitched incision dominating my clean shaven pubis; the whole mess was bandaged with a clear plastic covering which served as a window to view the wound draining blood streaked, corn colored pus. I smelled like a stagnant pond full of decomposing frogs.

Anyway, we were at my dad's ex-wife's house (she was out of town) and I was basically incohesive from a potent combination of Percacet and Pabst Blue Ribbon. We were making out, I finally mumbled something like, "I want to make love to you," then off to the bedroom we go. We strip and I'm fully conscious of the stench I'm giving off but she doesn't say anything so we lay down and begin some awkward preliminaries. I make my way down to her pink and healthy moist little canyon, she's cooing and squirming with her knees tucked up around her ears giving me an open basket. Then she begins bobbing her mouth on me with the precision of a toothless puppy. Then she lowers herself on me and the weight nearly splits my stitches and mid-section in two. The pain is excruciating but I realize real quick that I'm about to blow so I fumble our bodies for a missionary finish. Pull out and realize that my bag has been leaking and this bloody pus is smeared across her stomach. I was kinda embarrassed but totally in love.

--Michael Martinez, Portland, OR

It was on a surfing safari. I was eighteen. We went to a Mexican whorehouse. I picked the one as close to petite as you could expect. It cost \$2. After, we washed off with alcohol. Ouch.

--David Cerruti, St. John, Virgin Islands

When I was about five I used to lay in bed and imagine Donny and Marie Osmond kissing like lovers and wearing suits that looked like leather but really were poo.

I told this to my girlfriend Fiona and she said, "Oh really, that's so funny because I used to imagine Donny O. and I were mermaids swimming underwater and every once in a while he would fart out a little round poo."

--Sarah Albertson, Canada

Send YOUR virgin sex story to: Lisa Carver c/o Seymour Glass, PO Box 424762, S.F., CA 94142. Tell me too at what age you lost it (if you even did), age now, and number of people you've partaken of. Thank you.

I was living in Japan, I was 13, and my boyfriend was 17. I was living at his house with his mom and grandma that had cancer. My boyfriend really wanted it, so one hot sunny day we decided to have it. It was around 5 P.M. and I could hear the kids' voices playing in the playground. We got high, he put my legs on his shoulders and then it came. It hurt more than the time I broke my collarbone. I was about to scream but I couldn't cuz his grandma was in the next room and if she heard us she would have died cuz cancer is ultra sensitive to emotions. He was moving up and down with his hand over my mouth, saying, "You can do it. You can do it." GOD it hurt. On top of that, he wanted me to moan. I felt like a military tank drove inside me.

--Leyna, Chesterfield, Missouri



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VERTICAL

LAWRENCE WELK (from pg. 9)

What really gets me is Lawrence's "beautiful" girls. Lawrence likes to think of his show as family oriented. He would fire a girl for showing too much leg or for having too pointy boobs (is that t-o-o or t-w-o?). (This was during the '60s and '70s, remember.) Lawrence was always firing people. But in spite of all these potential-sexiness-eradicating precautions--or because of the fervor with which these precautions are taken--the viewer cannot (or at least I cannot) think of anything but "oral sex...oral sex" when he or she sees these girls. They have more make-up on than any prostitute I've ever seen--gobby lip gloss and blue sparkly eye-shadow, and then they've put a soft lens on the camera so the gobby lips are even gobbier and the eyes are like shining stars; ultra close-ups of lips and eyes saying not a word but "Come be sucked by me now." Lawrence always insisted on the

girls wearing those empire dresses: those high-waisted, flowing garments that cover its wearer from neck to wrist to feet, tight in only one area--up against the breasts. So all you can focus on are those moist lips and eyes and those melons. From between the lips drift up angelic voices describing hand-holding and home sweet home. The face takes up the entire screen--staring, smiling, eyes moist, cheeks round...the camera pans a bit; the back is straight, the well-covered body is gently swaying....

And then there are the group shots--eight or nine women in their thirties who all look alike (most of them are sisters, or at least in-laws), wearing matching outfits, sitting on a haystack or a cardboard caboose, with their arms about each other's waists, all gently swaying and smiling and gazing and singing sweetly about love...it's enough to make me feel like Attila the Hun, raring to go plunder! [Cont. on pg. 14]

A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother

by Alex Behr

A female co-worker of Seymour Glass once stated sarcastically that he had a lot of "wives," yours truly included. Unfortunately, he doesn't get laid by any of them; he enjoys only the negative by-products of having a spouse: guilt, pressure, jealousy, money requests, and battles for undivided attention. At parties you'll find girls hanging on him, flirting, forcing him to sit on their laps—but apparently Seymour can see through the yammering buzz. They want something other than access to his reputed big dick (at least it's big in my nightmares). If he actually lived up to his sleazy persona in *Bananafish*—if he pulled out fur-covered breast clamps, for instance—they'd run screaming. Since they know he won't, he becomes a "beard" for their ulterior motives.

Rollerderby went with Seymour to meet his mom, Wendy Glass, who raised Seymour and his younger sister, Penny, by herself. Turns out mother and son still wear identical outfits. Although Wendy couldn't explain why her "angel boy" is such a girl-magnet, she did tell a story that should make Seymour a featured guest at the next Diaper Pail Fraternity potluck.

ROLLERDERBY: Do you read *Bananafish* when it comes out?

WENDY: Some of it, yeah.

RD: Do you find any of it offensive?

WENDY: Yeah, some of the pictures, especially. The writing doesn't bother me at all. I feel there are things that should interest him more. There's a lot more that someone with his intelligence and curiosity could be interested in. But again, it's my point of view and not my decision to make.

RD: So what about this doo doo knife...

[I'm told to turn off the tape recorder while Wendy laughs hysterically for five minutes and consults her friend Bob about whether to answer.]

WENDY: He swore me to secrecy for twenty-five years. I'm finding this a wee bit awkward!

SEYMOUR: You've already broken that vow so many times. Once you go clean with it you'll never have to repeat it.

WENDY: Seymour had the most extraordinary problem. Unbelievable! Everytime he went doo doo...

RD: You still call it "doo doo"?

WENDY: I didn't know the term changed as you aged! Anyway, he stopped up the toilet. Everytime! It was terrible.

RD: What was he eating that caused such volume?

WENDY: I don't know, but he must've been eating a lot of it. It was infuriating because when I'd use the toilet, it would overflow. I couldn't understand why this child was not in agony. But he never complained.

RD: Would he stay in the bathroom a long time?

WENDY: No, just WOOSH. The production seemed to cause no difficulties, it was just the disposal of it. It got so bad that we had to have a knife, a special knife, which, of course, now that you are familiar with our terminology, we called the "doo doo knife." I said, "Seymour, I can't stand having it overflow and stopped up all the time." Sometimes it couldn't even fit down. It was awful. He was like that for years.

RD: What would he do in school?

WENDY: Ask him. It wasn't something I felt I had to be on top of, except in my own house.

RD: You didn't give the teacher a...

WENDY: I didn't send a note in!

RD: You didn't have the janitorial staff...

WENDY: ...alerted?! No. But it was a real problem and it didn't just happen once.



Hard to imagine something so destructive coming out of such a sweet little boy.

SEYMOUR: I had to chop up my poop for years.

RD: Dr. Spock didn't talk about it?

WENDY: Nobody did. I never read about it.

RD: Did Penny tease him?

WENDY: Fortunately for Seymour, she was at the age where she thought it was disgusting. She went into denial about it, except when he forgot to use the doo doo knife.

RD: Then she got really mad?

WENDY: Wouldn't you?

RD: Tell me about Seymour's voyage through a window.

WENDY: It happened in 1971 while we were in France. Seymour was 10. We were lost somewhere outside Paris, trying to meander our way back to the camping grounds inside the city.

We stopped for gas and the kids had to use the bathroom. They were at an age where they raced each other everywhere. I told them, "Don't run," and they obediently walked to the bathroom. They raced out, though, because I hadn't told them not to.

The front of the gas station was plate glass; the door was on the side. Seymour didn't see it and came crashing through the window so hard that he didn't fall down. His forehead and the side of his right hand went through first.

The first thing I knew, Penny was screaming. I looked back and saw blood spurting everywhere. Seymour was dazed, not saying anything.

(Seymour went to rustic hospital, got scar.)

RD: Was Seymour always a funny storyteller?

WENDY: Yeah. He had a very good personality from the time he was little. He was not ever shy, always entertaining. He always felt comfortable being funny. It pleases me that he is creative. I've always known that I was an appreciator. I always felt it was better to be a creator. Even Penny's more creative than I am.

RD: You say "even Penny." Was she ever jealous of her brother? Does she perceive herself as being uncreative?

WENDY: Yeah, she's always had problems with Seymour overshadowing her.

SEYMOUR: Did I ever hold it over her?

WENDY: No, she was always the reactive one. If he did provoke her, he was much better at hiding it. She always got caught. He'd walk by, she'd stick out her foot to trip him. He'd scream: "I'm going to kill you!"

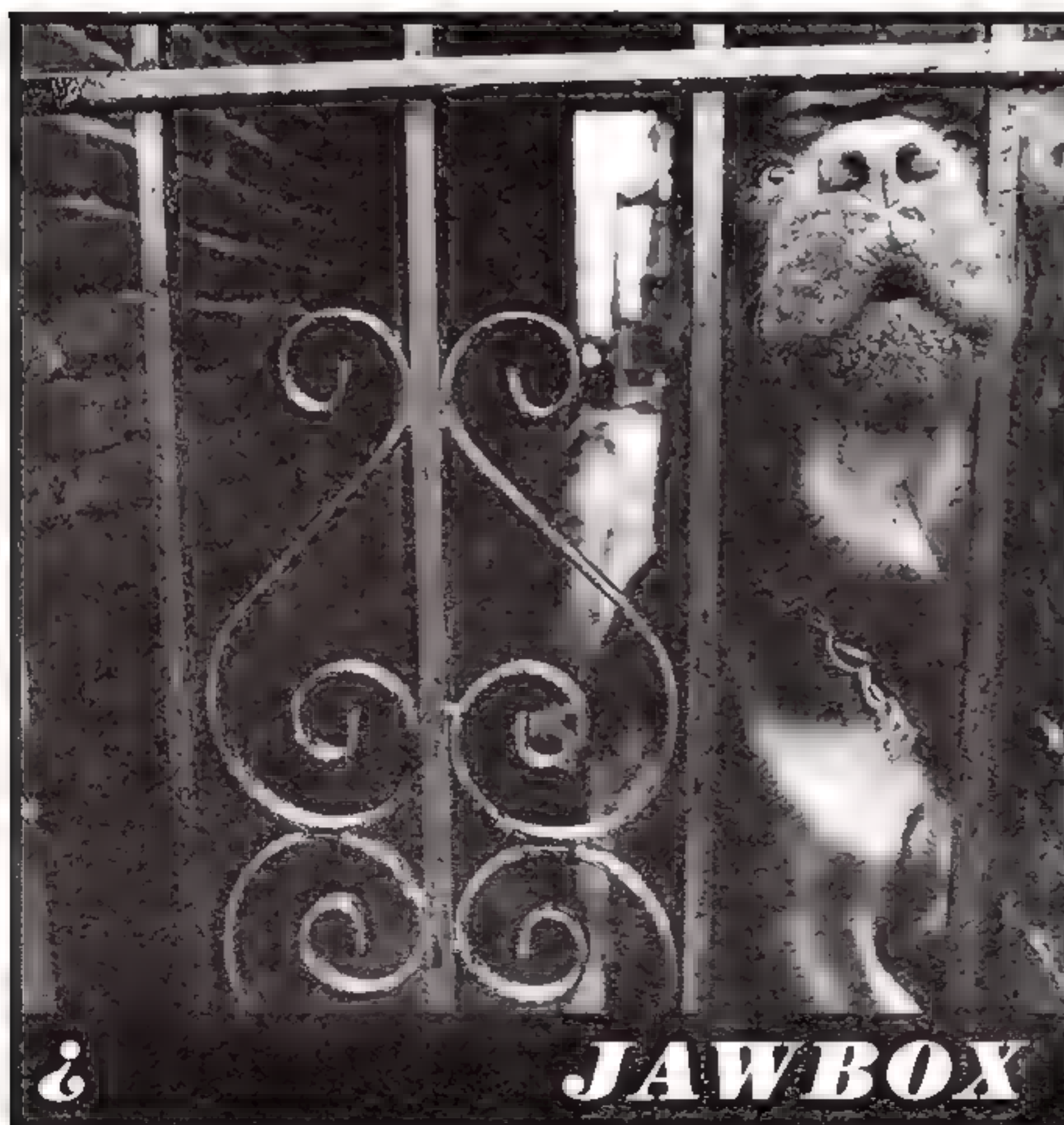
She'd scream, "MOM!" It was awful. She's still that



way, though now she's more verbal. I think it's a female trait. I have a younger brother and I tormented him mercilessly. But I think he should thank me for any character he has. I build character.

RD: Lisa wanted me to ask you if you have any fashion tips for her young readers.

Mrs. Glass demurs. When pressed, she admits a predilection for hats -- even straw hats -- anything with brims.



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MY MOTHER'S BODY

by Lisa Suckdog



ROLLERDERBY: Mum, would you say your health problems originate from that motorcycle ride with Brownie?

MARY ELLEN CARVER: No. I had a bad marriage. I had a Morals Contract in my teaching contract that said if I or any of my immediate family was ever arrested for anything, I would be dismissed, and your father was dealing in illegal drugs. I was coming home from my private school to a wire tap on my phone, so I knew he was already in trouble. The stress of that plus having a child in the middle of all this caused my gastroentorological problems.

RD: How old were you at this point?

MEC: I was twenty-nine years old. Uh, all of us in the school where I taught sent out on a Friday to a nearby church for some lobster salad rolls the church ladies made there. We all got food poisoning, so all of us got diarrhea so bad--all of us--that they closed the school on Monday.

RD: Diarrhea and hemorrhoids have always played an important role in your life. We could never make long car trips. You and Donna...

MEC: Well, hers were caused by a completely different thing than mine; she let her boyfriend jam things up there! Well, I had surgery after having dropped fifty pounds in ten months...

RD: Wait! I want to hear about the party where you met Brownie!

MEC: So, I had surgery, and I dissolved my marriage--

RD: Look at you, getting all hoity-toity with "dissolving" the marriage, when you have that sign in the back of your car that says "Ex-husband In Trunk"!

MEC: I just thought it was cute.

RD: Okay! Now! You met Brownie at a party...

MEC: Well, wait! Then I had the surgery and they removed two-and-a-half inches of my small bowel and I had a convalescence at my in-laws, and uh...

RD: Now, Ma, we're still on the first question: did you or did you not go to a mad party and get on a motorcycle with a drunk Brownie?

BILL CALLAHAN: Did Cheetah throw up in the bedroom?

RD: She ate some of the mop again. She threw up in the attic. Okay, Ma, skip Brownie. Remember those orange patches on your skin 'cause they weren't putting enough zinc in your liquid food?

MEC: Yup.

RD: That was weird. Remember that time you got a blood clot in your leg and it swelled up like a beer keg?

MEC: Uh-huh. Phlebitis.

RD: How many body parts are you missing now?

MEC: Ho! Bits and pieces of my right arm, a piece of my hip bone, several teeth. I'm missing my colon, my spleen, most of my small bowel...

RD: Some of your large bowel?

MEC: A great portion of my large bowel. I still have my rectum, my esophagus, um...

RD: Instead of going to the bathroom, you just empty your bag?

MEC: That's right.

RD: That's kind of cool. So, you think GG Allin is sexy, right?

MEC: Ha! Ha, ha! I'm gonna let somebody kiss me that sucks other people's Kotex pads? You gotta be kidding me.

LAWRENCE WELK (continued from pg. 11)

It's a cult! Most of the members of the Lawrence Welk Musical Family--the ones who managed to keep from being fired for any length of time--went on to form their own entertainment tours, in which they carry on the spirit of Lawrence Welk, and talk about how wonderful Lawrence is all interview long, every chance they get to be interviewed.

Lawrence Welk has insidiously and to the core infiltrated his queerly masculine (Seymour Glass calls Lawrence a shining example of surreal masculine pulchritude, and Seymour would know), arguably misogynist, sexlessly sexful vision of "family" into

the consciousness of a TOTALLY UNSUSPECTING public. And he's done it so sneakingly! Youth ridicule him, having no idea Lawrence Welk is more truly bizarre than their Sex Pistols or Nine Inch Nails could ever hope to be. Old ladies champion him, innocent to the call to perversion they are applauding. Oh, the power, the power, the deep-seated, far-flung power of evil Lawrence Welk! Not much in the world can get me more excited than watching those dozens of unnaturally well-scrubbed middle-aged men subjugated into wearing pastel uniforms and perpetual smiles, lined up under a bigger-than-life, lit-up GERITOL sign (a sponsor);

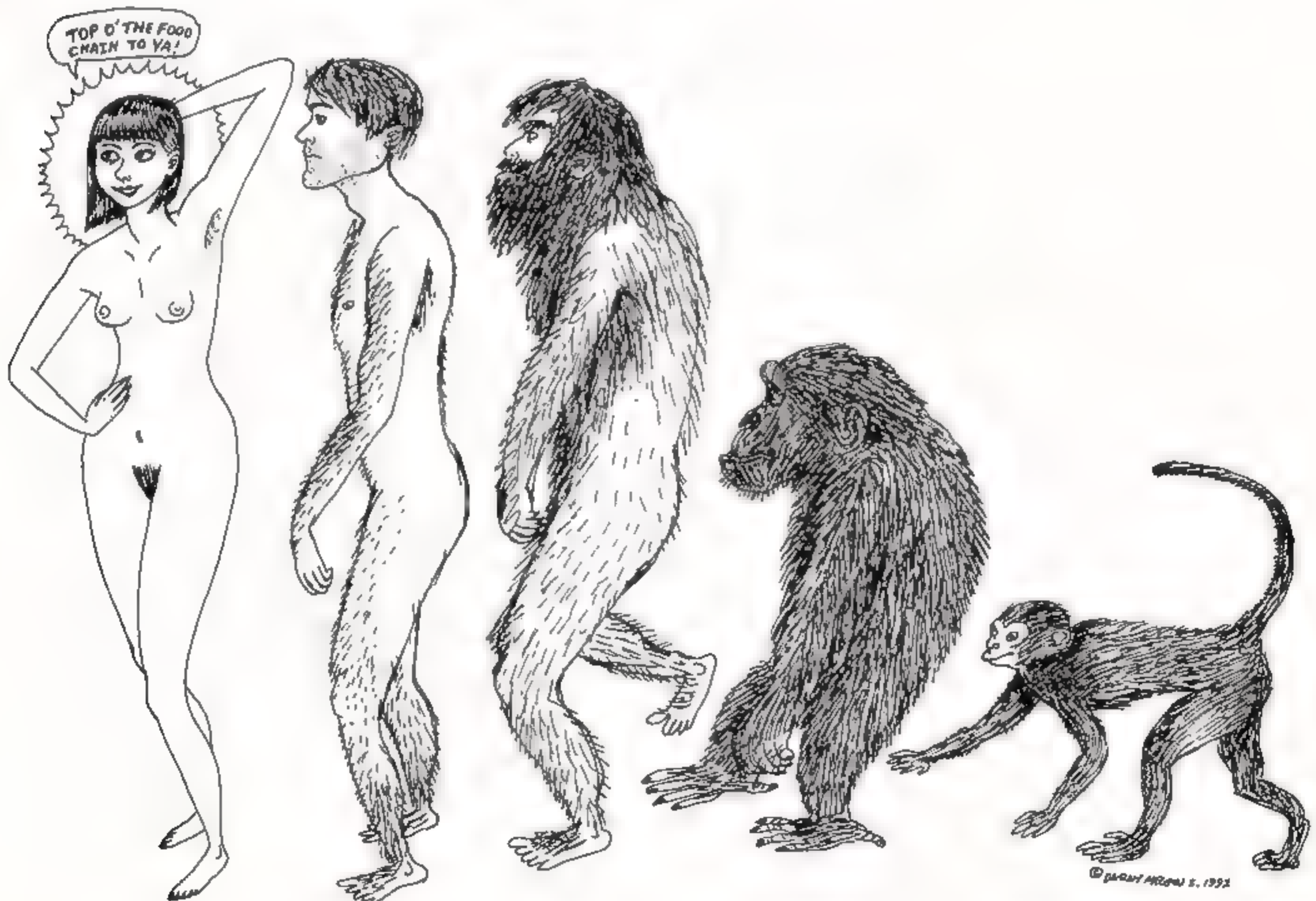
(continued on back cover)

Darcy's Theory of Evolution

We as Americans have traditionally been taught to believe that we originated from the same body structure as those in the primate family. As children we are shown a series of pictures depicting a monkey walking on his hands and feet, lumpy body with squared rough edges covered in hair; we are told that the average life span is about 20 years. Then we see another monkey standing on its feet but still slouched and covered with hair, its body a little more rounded but not much; his life span is 30-35 years. Then another standing upright with less hair than the last but still having the roughness to the physical make-up, including the cromagnin forehead and pronounced jaw; his life span averages to 40 years. Then finally man--fairly hairless and standing upright with only a small remainder of the once very pronounced forehead and jaw; his life span in the modern world is mid to late sixties.

This is where evolution ends in our textbooks, but not in reality. Where is woman? She is the last step in the chain of evolution. Almost completely hairless, her features and figure are even less cromagnin than man's with her sculpted features, small jaw and supple, rounded body.* Women on average can work as hard as men their whole lives including the fact that they can withstand the trauma of giving birth multiple times and still they outlive men on average of ten years. The aforementioned examples are only pertaining to how women are more evolved than men physically, the mind reels at the depths of how further advanced they are esoterically and mundanely.

*Notice how as humans developed, their butts grew bigger and bigger, finally culminating in women, who have the biggest butts of all. Baby's got back! -LC



ETHAN BUCKLER

by Lisa Carver

1991's Old Man on the Bridge by King Kong really made me do my housework. The sure sign of good music is if it squeezes that extra elbow grease out of you when you're scrubbing the tub and it's playing. Old Man on the Bridge made my tub shiny spotless. This told me there was purity to the soul of the man behind King Kong, so I wrote to Ken Katkin, head of Homestead Records, who released the album, asking him for a telephone number.

Ken wrote back: "Ethan Buckler, the lead singer of King Kong, has fled Louisville, KY to get his head together, living in a cabin on the New Mexico desert.

"He doesn't have a phone. He does pick up messages left with ----, whose phone number is ----. I don't know for sure whether he would call you back or not, though."

That sounded like part of a biography of some weird-o who lived 120 years ago or something, not someone who would feel like chatting with the editor of a magazine named after a sport involving women, rollerskates, bathing suits and crash helmets. So I didn't call.

Two months later, my phone rang and it was Ethan Buckler (I guess Ken Katkin gave him my number), calling from Vermont, out of breath from just having danced to accordion music with an 80-year-old birthday girl.

Twenty four hours later, there he was in my house in New Hampshire, supposedly to be interviewed, but every time I asked if I could turn the recorder on, he would say, "Not right now." After seven days of not right now, I said, "Yes now!" "Yup," was his first interview answer. Second: "I guess so." Third: same as the first. Then he rolled off the porch onto the grass and fell asleep. (So all the Ethan quotes in this article are my memory of our conversations, and may not be totally accurate.)

Ethan Buckler has the sprawling grace of a monkey. He has long arms and big hands, like a monkey. He bobs his head when he walks, like a chicken. There are all different colored fish swimming across his t-shirt. The shirt over it has little red and yellow and orange checks. The pants are red brown. When he dances, he looks even more like a monkey or a chicken. He's not in any hurry to get all his dance moves out at once. He's not in any hurry for anything at all.

He holds his cigarette for about twenty minutes before lighting it. Holds his drink the same way. Holds the vowels in his mouth forever.

I point out a beer bottle which has been waiting, open, by his side for half an hour. "It's like if I know I can kiss a girl," he says: "I'll wait. I'll just think about it, and wait. Gather speed slowly, like a rollercoaster at the bottom of the hill."

The beer bottle I pointed out was resting on a table at Tiny's, a pub whose mascot is a painting of a man pouring beer down his throat while sending it back out at the same time in the form of a perfect arc of foamy pee. At the bar are men in baseball caps and flannel shirts and varying numbers of teeth; most are over the age of 40. The bar also serves sandwiches, so conceivably, these men could live out their entire lives within these walls. These are New Hampshire male beer drinkers. Out-of-towners don't talk to them. They just don't. That's what I tell Ethan.

So he gets up from our corner table (which is where the out-of-towners sit) and ambles over to the bar. His approach creates a flurry of eyeball twirlings and no small amount of elbow jabbing. I wonder if the flanneled ones will beat Ethan to death.

*In the beginning,
there was rhythm.
-The Slits*

*"Ethan looks like
Elasticman."
-Bill Callahan*

*Sign on the door at
Tiny's:
KIDNEY KONTROL WEEK
Go... Before you Cum!*

Ten minutes later, Ethan rejoins our table, with three New Hampshire male beer drinkers in tow. One of them is asking Ethan (they call Ethan "Reb" because of his accent) whether he supports the U of L basketball team. "'Til the day I die," replies Reb. Just in case it hasn't sunk in, he repeats, firmly, "'Til the day I die."

This comes to be pretty much what we do every night, starting around 10 o'clock. It seems like Ethan's never been outside of Dover, New Hampshire, like he's been listening to the guys at Tiny's talking sports all his life.

"You can't really get to know someone if you stop in the middle of the conversation and go to bed," says Ethan. He's been reading old Russian novels, where you go to someone's house for dinner and you don't leave until three months later.

He's in love with the map on my wall. He talks about it all the time. One night I went to bed at midnight, and Ethan stayed up until 2, just looking at that map.

As I write this now, Ethan's on a Greyhound headed for Louisville. He's probably talking to a fellow passenger about the cities with the ten largest populations right now, and tonight, when I will brush my teeth before climbing into bed, I imagine Ethan and his new friend will be descending into Cincinnati, Ohio, to look at bee hives or something, and Ethan won't make it home for another month.

Ethan worked at a swimming pool in a Louisville ghetto last summer. All the people who used the pool were black, all the lifeguards were white. One time there was a riot.

LISA: Was everyone wearing their swimming trunks?

ETHAN: Yeah.

LISA: How can one be rioting while wearing swimming trunks?

ETHAN: They just did. They totally took over a section of the pool. This lifeguard threw all this bleach in the water and it turned green. So they threw the lifeguard in the pool. He was a toughguy, so he jumped out of the pool and took off his shirt, and wanted to fight. So they all karate kicked him. They're all jumping up and down on the diving board, pulling down their pants. Chanting the name of their projects. All the white people were hiding in the office. All the black people tried to break into the office and get their money. Yeah, they wanted their dollar back.

LISA: Where were you?

ETHAN: I kinda pretended like I wasn't there. I wouldn't go in the office--I'd rather get beat up. After that, all the white lifeguards left, and they got all new black lifeguards, except me. I was the white toy. Yeah, throw rocks at the white toy, pull his pants off.

LISA: Were there girls in the pool when they pulled your pants off?

ETHAN: Yeah. There's be thirty people in a group grope in that pool every day. One time two people were having sex right under my chair. I said, "Y'all can't have sex in the pool." He said, "Motherfucker! I'll beat you up!" He was trying to get a posse together.

LISA: Was it exciting to be in the riot?

ETHAN: I always wanted to see one, like I always wanted to see a volcano erupt. I pictured myself throwing bricks at cop cars. But when you're in it, it's just really ugly and it's really sad. All these fourteen-year-old, malnourished girls and they have these babies they just leave on the sidewalk, and people down on the ground are getting kicked...it's really depressing.

After I heard that story, I figured it was okay to take Ethan to my father and step-mother's lair. (My friend Rachel is the toughest person I know--I've seen her start a lot of fights, but I've never seen her lose one--but five minutes after meeting Linda, my step-mother, Rachel burst into tears and fled. I'm not kidding.)

So there we are, Ethan has brought over pot for Linda and Ken (my

father), so everyone is happy and so far there have been no signs of the unfettered and unsleeping wrath of Linda. Ethan is talking about Ross Perot.

Linda lights a cigarette, snuggles a little closer to Ethan on the couch, and exhales in his face. "You know something?" she begins, "Your mouth hasn't stopped moving since you got here. You know what? You talk too much. Shut up, Ethan."

Ethan's face hasn't changed at all. Not even a tiny bit. He resumes his Ross Perot comment, from the exact word at which he was interrupted.

I'm so impressed. I see now that all I thought about King Kong's music while scrubbing the tub is true--it is tapped into the greatest power on earth.

"I start to yearn for it," says Ethan. "That's what blues is, it's a yearning, it's like a prayer. That is why there will always be the blues. The blues is like a telephone you use to call God. As long as there is God there will be the blues.

"Like the first time you're kissing your boyfriend or your girlfriend--you just put everything into it. You play music like that--you're caressing it; you have to just love it.

"You can tell if someone has soul by the way they kiss and by the way they play music. And by the way they dance. You can sing with soul. You can kiss with soul. Most white people don't try to put soul into music when they're playing it. It goes back to black religion; black religion's way more sophisticated than white religion."

Ethan was in Slint when he was nineteen, but got mad when Steve Albini tried to put effects on the music, and quit. Ethan then formed King Kong, which was supposed to be a "dirt band," and he seems faintly regretful that they got a contract with Homestead, a pretty big independent label.

He doesn't like Indie Rock, "the only kind of music named after the record companies. The business came first and the art came second. That's the first time it's ever been like that. In all other movements, the art came first and then came the parasites. But with Indie music, the parasites came first.

"It's like the pimp's more important than the prostitute. It's like, 'But I don't want to fuck the pimp!'

"It's a mock corporation. No one ever actually makes money, but it's a good little apprenticeship for businessmen. The bands don't matter. The actual creative force is weaker than well water."

(He doesn't care for fanzines too much either. "They're the telephone book. Just a list of names. You could burn them all and no one would even notice. Except the congressmen wouldn't have anything to read while they were waiting to go into session.")

Anyway, back to the story: Ethan temporarily disbanded King Kong and went to New Mexico "because it was really far away," and left after four months because he "decided the mountains were ugly." There was a year or two of going to school as a History major, but he didn't get along with the students because "they can't take a joke." He toured for a while with his friend Smoketown Red.

Smoketown Red lives, according to Ethan, the ideal life. He gets up, cooks breakfast, has about five cups of coffee, looks out the window a couple of hours, and then just plays guitar the rest of the day. And people drift in and out all day long to jam. Smoketown's band plays at a bar three nights a week.

Smoketown is 54 years old. He grew up in a slum in Kentucky. He would fight anyone who mentioned that he, Red, was an albino. He started getting his girlfriend pregnant when he was eighteen. (This isn't the ideal part.) Had eight kids, and they all grew up to be prostitutes and drug dealers and in jail. His girlfriend made him sleep on the couch and she's have all these boyfriends over. Then he left, or she kicked him out,

It's God, it's space,
it's earth, it's climate,
it's time, it's sounds,
it's plants, it's
animals, it's humans,
it's fucking...
it's rhythm!
-The Slits

Instead of trying to
control the music, you
try to let the music
go where it wants.

-Ethan Buckler,
Courier Journal, Jan. '91

KING KONG DISCOGRAPHY

"King Kong" 7" EP
(1989, King Kong Records)

"Bring It On" 7" EP
(1990, Trashflow Records)

Old Man on the Bridge
LP (1991, Homestead)

and he was paying child support in cash, and she lied and said he wasn't giving her anything so that she could get welfare, and they arrested him and put him in jail.

When he got out of jail, he just started playing guitar constantly. He said he was going to kill himself, but he started playing guitar instead. He was playing with his friends, and his friends went on to become session players for James Brown and Tina Turner, but it was "Say it loud, I'm black and I'm proud," so no one wanted an albino in their band.

Ethan started going over Smoketown Red's every day.

"Old Man on the Bridge is about what Smoketown was about: evolution. Acquiring wisdom. You're this person, frustrated and stupid. You come to the bridge, and you feel lonely, but then the water speaks to you, and you realize you're not alone, and you feel this power. You have to go down, and once you get to the lowest, then you come up--higher than you were before, different than you were before. It was always in you, but you didn't know it before. It's the blues, it's spirituality. It's that God is in everything, so God is in you. And because God is in you, God is in everything. And you become so powerful. You're like King Kong."

Ethan is 24 years old. His mother is a professor and his father an editorial writer. His great or great, great grandfather was Cyrus McCormick, who invented the McCormick reaper.

I thought at first that Ethan brought music around with him wherever he went, but I was wrong--music was all around all the while. It's the rhythm of the conversation at Tiny's, which never changes once in a hundred years. It's the rhythm of slipping into a bubblebath or a flu fever, and it's like you're slipping into every bubblebath and every flu fever you've ever had since you were six years old, and even before then, when you can't even remember. It's the rhythm of my neighbors yelling at their kids out of their harsh, barking, loving Yankee mouths. It's the rhythm of ten thousand Greyhound buses criss-crossing all across America at any moment of the day, and for twenty dollars anyone could step onto any one of those buses anytime.

Ethan could show you with his hands where the music is, how it moves. Sly and the Family Stone were on; he showed me with his hands how it rose and fell on the air, always moving in and out like the ocean.

"This song is like town and highway. Now you're driving slow through town, then you stop and hang out for a while, visit your old girlfriend or whatever. Now you're on the highway again."

Ethan Buckler, PO Box 4543, Louisville KY 40204

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I'm moving! A convertible and a headband makes the scene.

Once again, I'm looking
for a friend

I watch my feet
Walking down the street
Again.

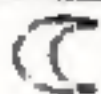
Me and my big rock friend
Cigarette is my big rock
friend

Accept the creek
She's talking to me
Like a friend
And she says,

"Haba haba heeba
habba hoba hooba
habba. Haba haba
heeba habba hoba
hooba habba."

If you wanna get high,
first you gotta die.
Stare straight through
the center of my eye
And I look out across
the land
See the rivers flow
And the mountains grow.

little thrills me more than fantasizing about what sort of undecorous desires lie just behind the placid, obsessedly regulated angel faces of "Lawrence's beautiful girls"--I am seeing unfold before me the fantasies of one skinny old bumbling polka-partying trickster: Mr. Lawrence Welk.



Suckdog



Suckdog's over-riding of high cortical functions represents the opposite of the traditional intellectual approach employed by most thespian groups (i.e., getting the audience to think first, then feel). I see in your work the spirit of Antonin Artaud's "Theater of Cruelty," as well as a dada or even absurdist element.

--Scott Barker, Arizona

I know a donkey show when I see it.

--Dan Croteau, New Hampshire

→
you're all
invited to go
on a date
with Costes,
Lisa & Darcy.



of the Nightlight of my Night,
Darcy Megan S.



2 July--The Rat, Boston
3,4,5 July--Canada (Call 1-416-533-7887)
7 July--Khyber Pass, Philadelphia
8 July--Washington, D.C.
11 July--CBGB's, NYC
13 July--Louisville, KY
15 July--Lawrence, KS
17 July--Capital Fear, Olympia, WA
22 July--The Chameleon, San Francisco
25 July--Hully Gully Studios, Los Angeles
26 July--Muchies, Pomona, CA
31 July--The Heinz Afterworld, Oakland, CA



↑ Lisa Suckdog
and inscrutable
Frenchman Costes.

... nubile-but-shrill, post-jailbait, white-trash mad girl is lighting the hipper quarters of the alternative music scene on fire by recording audio and video cassettes of her and her pals screeching and banging things in their living room, followed by personal appearances where Lisa and Co. piss in cat-boxes, show some tits and ass and generally terrorize sexually retarded audience members with come-ons about as heartfelt as a Goldfingers lapdancer's.

On the negative side, Lisa's "taken." She's married to an inscrutable Frenchman named Costes who pines for his homeland by smearing himself in shit and jabbering incoherently at Americans stupid enough to think he represents some sort of cultural nadir. Perhaps the *Village Voice* will discover him sometime soon.

... Lisa Suckdog deserves an NEA grant at least as much, if not more, than Karen Finley. She does the same schtick but doesn't lose her sense of humor about herself or her work.

- SCREW